This Is a Business Mayor

Surprises for Bayonne After It Elected Thomas Brady on a Business Platform.

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The little city of Bayonne, N. J., elected | their pond was ever thoroughly appreciated business Mayor" a year ago, and has experienced a series of stiff surprises since. There have been many kinds of Mayors in Bayonne, but never before just this kind. For instance, there was the Mayor whose whole souled capacity for mixing with the multitude was thus described by one of his admiring policemen:

"It don't matter a damn who y' are, he'll get drunk witcher."

He was a popular Mayor. Yet, all the same, when the list of prominent and popular citizens was being scanned by the Democratic leaders in Bayonne last year to find a man who could win the Mayoralty for the party again, he was unfeelingly passed over. It was felt that that particular kind of candidate wouldn't do just then.

There were several reasons; one was that the taxes had gone up sky high. New York city's tax rate in the same year was pnly \$1.41, while Bayonne's was up at \$2.90. And the citizens who paid the taxes didn't seem to think that they were getting good

Value for their money.

Something had to be done about it. One bright mind-whose owner has modestly refrained from revealing his identity through all the surprises that have followed-offered this suggestion: "What's the matter with nominating

from Brady? Now the Hon. Thomas Brady, a prosperous coal and lumber merchant, had never betrayed any special hankering for political office. He had been a member of the City Council and to the general surprise had come out of that body "with five clean fingers," in the expressive phrase of Bayonne, and apparently quite content to stay outside.

Beginning with nothing he had built up a large and increasing business. Fires had destroyed his plant and disasters of other kinds had threatened him, till "Brady's luck" had become almost synonymous in the community with ill luck. And after each fire and each disaster he had started fresh only to reap larger success. If he would take the nomination it was felt that the situation might be saved A delegation went to see how he felt

about it. "Gentlemen," said Mr. Brady, "I am ensible of this honor, and I accept. If I am elected I will endeavor to give Bayonne a thoroughly businesslike administration."

That was how Bayonne got its business Mayor. The candidate's campaign was a hustle. He didn't pretend to any oratorical gifts, but he made many speeches. They were all brief and they all ran about

GENTLEMEN-I am glad to see you all here this evening, and I hope we will be better acquainted. If you elect me your Mayor I will endeavor to give you a good business administration. After the eloquent speeches you have heard I don't think there is much more for me to say. But that is what I promise, and that's what I'll do.

In this way plain Thomas Brady became his Honor Mayor Brady by something like 400 majority in a total vote of about 6,000, and on Jan. 1 he took office, and then the

If that interesting fable about the frogs

it has been since Jan. 1, this year, by the Bayonne statesmen who are in business for other reasons than their health. From the very first it seemed that the new Mayor had most revolutionary ideas.

For instance, Bayonne had a Park Commissioner at a salary of \$4 a day. There wasn't any park, but the City Council, in an outburst of expansiveness, had once gathered in land enough for a site, and some day, when the city got money enough, something was to be done to make it

In the meantime that old-time Democratic war horse, the Hon. William Kelly, ex-Chosen Freeholder, veteran of Hope Hose and standard bearer of all the voters in Independence or Death Engine, had been rewarded with the park commissionership and was drawing the salary.

A week or so after the new Mayor took office Park Commissioner Kelly was aroused from earnest contemplation of how to run a park when you haven't got a park to run, by the receipt of this letter:

DEAR SIR-I believe you have considerable time to spare. I wish you would give your attention to the trimming of the trees along the streets of our city. Every tree should be trimmed. In doing the work, cut the limbs off close to the trunk, and you should have some little metallic paint with you and have the open cut where the limbs were severed painted to protect the trees rotting. Please start work Monday. Yours truly, THOMAS BRADY, Mayor.

Park Commissioner Kelly was startled Commissioner Kelly's friends were startled. This was against all precedent. But Mr. Kelly was up in the political game.

"Tut, tut," said the Park Commissioner, when he was met with condolences, "the Mayor's all to the good, sir, all to the good. Didn't he say he'd give us a business administration? I've known Tom Brady from a boy, and if he wants me to earn my salary I ain't going to quarrel with him."

And forth the Park Commissioner sallied with a saw and a metallic paint pot to trim the trees. He reported, at the end of the first day, having made 150 amputations of limbs and 100 or so daubs of metallic paint. After the tree trimming period had

passed, the Mayor discovered that the Park Commissioner might profitably supervise small repairs to city buildings, and dole out the small supplies to the schools. He is still doing that.

The City Hall had an engineer (without an engine), who supervised the stoking of the municipal steam heat furnace by more menial help, at the comfortable stipend of \$1,000 a year. The Mayor soon discovered that a steam roller might improve the street service. He recommended that one be bought and *operated by the person employed as engineer of the City Hall.

It is credibly reported that when this ecommendation was read to the City Council the dignified engineer walked out into the corridor and besought the policeman there to punch him to see if he were awake. There wasn't any doubt about it, and he is now operating the steam roller.

The Mayor found that the clerk of the Building Department, not having much to do, might move his office to a location near the City Hall door and establish himself as who dumped over King Log and elected a bureau of information in addition to his discovered that the city's financial system the perniciously active King Stork to boss other duties. Further, he expressed the

opinion that city departments should be kept open during business hours, and set the hours at from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., which was longer by several hours than anybody had ever worked at the City Hall before. That was a fearful shock.

By and by came the time for making up the tax budget. It then turned out that the city finances had almost reached the jumping-off place. More money was needed, and urgently.

The Mayor first went through the appropriations for the year and skinned them clean. Then he announced that he was going to raise the assessments of the big corporations doing business in the city and make them contribute more heavily to its expenses. The Council gasped. "Increase taxes on the Standard Oil Company? Does he know what he's up

"You'll see," said the Mayor. Financial statement and tax rolls hand, he visited in turn the office of every large corperation in the little city.

against?" asked the Council.

"Bayonne," said the Mayor to the manager of each, "needs so much money for improvements. The only way to get it is to raise your assessment so much. Now here is a

matters have described since as an archaic basis. Pop Robinson, the seventy-twoyear-old City Collector, gathered in the receipts and deposited them in a bank in his own name. When bills accumulated the City Treasurer would stroll into Robin-

son's office and say: "Want some money, Pop, for such and such a fund. Let's have about \$5,000". or whatever the amount might be.

If there was money enough in the bank and the Collector was kindly disposed, the Treasurer got it. If he didn't get it the bills had to wait.

"That," said the new Mayor emphatically, is not business."

He appointed his nephew City Treasurer, and had the city's funds deposited in the city's name. Presently came auditing time. The city accounts had always been audited by a local accountant, a good fellow in Democratic politics and a Sinking Fund Commissioner in the administration. "Wouldn't you consider that sort of hav-

ing us audit our own accounts?" said the Business Mayor. "Let's have a real audit." He called in Alfred Rose, a New York expert, known as an investigator of trust books. In a day or two Mr. Rose pointed statement of the money we must spend out to the Mayor that the old bank de-



this year, and what we have to spend it, posits in the Collector's name didn't seem for. If you can show me where I can reduce the amount I'll reduce it. If you can't-and I know you can't-I want you to submit willingly to an increased tax valuation. Your property is growing in value with the city's prosperity, and it is only fair that you should contribute a

share to the city's expenses." He said afterward that not a single corporation raised a serious objection to the increase, and most of them assured him of their financial support for any further improvement he might consider necessary.

That settled the financial problem. Going over the tax accounts, the Mayor to have earned any interest, though they ought to have been good for \$500 a year or so. He thought that ought to be looked

The Mayor summoned the City Collector.

"Dear, dear!" said the old gentleman. No interest credited in the books? Is that so? I'll give you a check for the amount." The Mayor accepted the check. The next day it was made known that there

was to be a more thorough search of the city accounts than had ever been dreamed of in Bayonne before, "Pop" Robinson, meantime, having urgent business with the pickerel in Greenwood Lake.

But in a few days he was back in rewas conducted on what experts in such sponse to an urgent telegram from the

the City Hall.

Shortages to the amount of \$34,700 had been discovered in the city accounts and traces of erasures with acid had been found in the books. In particular, while the ledger showed that the Standard Oil Company had paid the city \$49,000 in taxes in the previous year, the cash book showed only \$40,000 credited to the city.

The Mayor wanted to know about it Mr. Robinson couldn't tell him, but turned over to the city the title deeds to his handsome home and to other property.

The Mayor receipted for them, and then swore out a warrant charging the Collector with the embezzlement of the specific sum of \$9,000. He took a detective and the City Recorder to the old man's house and detained him there under nominal arrest until bondsmen appeared and gave bail for him. Mr. Robinson escaped the humiliation of going to the police station.

"The law must take its course," said the Mayor, "but he has made what restitution he could. Let us be as merciful as possi-

Mr. Robinson is now awaiting trial. The investigation of his accounts is still go-

But all these and other things have brought about but one opinion among the frogs in the Bayonne political pool, and that is that a business Mayor is the most uncomfortable sort of person to have around. He has such objectionable habits. For one thing, he gets up so early in the

From the days when he was plain Tom Brady, hustling to get ahead in the world, the Mayor has retained the habit of early rising. In summer it is not unusual for him to turn out at 5 or even 4 o'clock in the morning. He spends an hour or two superintending his coal and lumber business, and he may be expected at the City Hall any morning at 7 or half past.

So the Mayor's steam roller engineer can never turn over in comfort for another snooze after the proper hour for getting to work. He did it once. So did the water cart man. Before they were soundly asleep again the Mayor was at each man's door in turn, wanting to know what the city hired them for. The city clerks never know when he will turn up in their de partment, with those awful business habits

of his, wanting to know.

"Why, they get to the hall on time now, and they bring their lunch," said the disgusted janitor.

There is another little matter. Sometimes the Mayor has an amazing lack of

times the Mayor has an amazing dignity.

The Bayonne steam roller stuck in a hole one day early this summer. Citizens looking on at the muss were astonished to see his Honor climb out from underneath the engine, tell the driver what was wrong, instruct him what to do to get it right and superintend the carrying out of his orders.

wrong, instruct him what to do to get it right and superintend the carrying out of his orders.

The fire bell never rings at any hour of the day or night that the Mayor isn't on the spot with the first firemen. When a whole block of tenements was burned out last spring, there was the Mayor superintending and devising schemes of relief.

But, when it was certain that every man, woman and child was sure of shelter for the night, his Honor showed another phase of his business character. He began a searching investigation as to what caused that fire, who lived around the rooms in which it was discovered, what insurance they carried, and so on. they carried, and so on. The worst complaint against him, though, is that he has no tact—meaning political

"Fancy arresting Pop Robinson and letting all this scandal out just before election," complained one of the gentlemen

election," complained one of the gentlemen looking out for party interests in Bayonne.
"Ain't he scandalizing his own administration? Why couldn't he have hushed that thing up and let it blow over?"

The Mayor's salary is \$2,500 a year, and his term is for two years. One of Mr. Brady's friends asked him recently if he'd run again if he had the chance.

"Jim," said the business Mayor, "I'd give \$2,500 cheerfully out of my own pocket, right now, to be quit of the job. But I've got it; and, say, I'm going through with it."

Mayor. He met Mayor and accountant at MAGIC POWER OF THE SPRUCE TREE IN MAINE

BANGOR, Me., Oct. 1.-The swarms of visitors who come to Maine in summer and the thousands of sportsmen who come in autumn bring a great deal of money into the State, and some statisticians have declared that from these two classes is derived a greater revenue than from any one of the State's great industries. But while the summer visitors and the sportsmen are a great financial help to Maine. their presence is of small importance com-

pared with the spruce tree. Up to about the year 1855 the pine tree was Maine's greatest source of wealth and importance. Pines as big around as sugar barrels stood close together on thousands of acres, which acres had fallen into a few hands at a ridiculously small price. and the foundation was laid of most of the suddenly. great Maine fortunes of this day. But the pine was wasted, and finally there came the time when the lumbermen had to fall back on spruce.

Fifty years ago the spruce began to oom up bigger in the lumber surveys than the pine, and to-day of all the 800,000,000 feet of logs cut annually in the State more than 85 per cent, is spruce, while of the remainder considerable part is hemlock, cedar and other woods than pine, the last being no more than 20 to 25 per cent. of the whole and most of it second growth at that.

While it was the pine that made possible the once prosperous West India trade and built up Maine's shipping in the days before the civil war, it never in all the years of its preeminence accomplished half so much for the land of its birth as the coarse grained spruce. For, while the pine built ships and individual fortunes and made West India rum as cheap as cider all along the seaboard, the spruce has built towns in the midst of the wilderness, like Rumford Falls and Millinocket, brought outside millions of capital to Maine, and given popular literature an amazing boom.

Were it not for the fact that the finest of wood pulp can be made from spruce logs, white paper would cost so much that

newspapers and magazines and book would be much higher in price, and their circulation correspondingly restricted. Even the mails would be lighter by far

but for the spruce tree.
Millinocket, seventy-five miles north of Bangor, on the west branch of the Penobscot, is a spruce town. A few years ago Millinocket consisted of a flag station and one Indian hut. The Indian murdered a Spaniard and was sent to State prison, and the hut was burned, leaving only the flag station and the man who tended it.

Then a big paper making corporation looked the ground over, saw a fine chance to make pulp, and built an immense mill. Then came the town. It is called "the magic city," because it came into existence so

The pulp and paper mill, which eats up about 60,000,000 feet of logs yearly, employs in one capacity or another about thousand men, and there are in the town 2,500 people. Where bears and moose roamed half a dozen years ago, there are now streets lined with stores, dwellings, schoolhouses, hotels and churches, and lighted with electricity.

reporters who went up from Bangor to see about it had to make a meal on salted pig's shoulder and saleratus biscuit at the flag station of the railroad. Now they have one hotel at Millinocket where the English language is considered inadequate to describe all the dishes on the dinner bill.

When, six years ago, a man wanted to take a bath at Millinocket, he had to jump into the west branch and take his chances;

A CAMEL HUNT IN ARIZONA

egun for a camel hunt in the Southwest. The hunt is scheduled to occur in November and will be under the direction of Willie Sells, the Kansas showman, a son of W. Allen Sells, who was in charge of the first successful hunt for wild camels in the United States. The elder Sells captured nineteen wild camels in the deserts of Arizona in 1882, and some of them are yet alive

The present hunt will cover much the same territory as that traversed by the hunters of twenty-two years ago, but the younger Sells expects to push his search into the deserts of northern Mexico if he fails to find the animals in their former haunts. An investigation made a few weeks ago at the instance of Mr. Sells showed that wild camels still exist in Arizona and Mexico, but their numbers cannot be esti-

The only camel breeding farm in America s to be established in Kansas, with the captured Arizona animals as a nucleus of the herd. For two years Mr. Sells has been looking for a suitable place in which to establish a camel and ostrich breeding farm. He now has selected a tract of 2,140 acres along the south side of the Arkansas River in Kearney county in western

pany the showman will leave the Southern Pacific Railroad at Gila Bend in Maricopa county, Ariz. This is the place the elder Sells left the railroad twenty-two years

Thomas McClusky, who guided the other party, will go north and west across the Gila River into McMullen's Valley and the cactus plains. The other camels were control to the cactus plains, but Mr. Salls the cactus plains. The other camels were found in the cactus plains, but Mr. Sells is of the opinion that the animals have moved southward in the score of years since an organized effort has been made to

If his search in McMullen's Valley and the cactus plains is without reward, he will again cross the Gila and search south of the Mal Pais Mountains. It was in this neighborhood that some of the animals were seen recently. A member of a surveying party working 100 miles south of the Mexico line also reported to the showman that one of his horse herders saw several of the animals about sunset one day during the last summer.

"There has been no organized effort made to find these animals," said Mr. Sells to-day, "since my father captured a part of the herd twenty years ago. He brought nineteen of the animals here and kept them on his farm east of Topeka.

"They were the wildest creatures I ever his search in McMullen's Valley

in an enclosure.

"My father experimented for a long time my lather experimented for a long time before he found out how to capture the animals. He tried having the half-breed Indians of Arizona rope them, but a native horse would not go within 300 yards of one of the wild camels, and that plan was given

of the wild camels, and that plan was given up.

"My father then returned to his winter quarters here and shipped back to Arizona a carload of horses accustomed to the sight of camels. The half breeds on these horses were able to rope nineteen of the herd. I am going to take my own horses with me.

"I do not know how many of the camels there are in Arizona now, but I have heard that there were nearly 1,000 head. I do not believe this, but I do believe they exist there in sufficient numbers to make it much less expensive to capture them there than to send to Asia for them.

"The wild camels there are the descendants of those turned loose by the Government thirty years ago. The Government brought the animals into the country to use them across the deserts. They

to use them across the deserts. They were unfitted for the work of climbing the

were unnited for the work of climbing the mountains.

"A Frenchman then brought in a bunch of the camels and used them with some degree of success on the Yuma desert. His business fell away when the railroad came and he turned his animals adrift.

"From these two bands the herd has grown. For years nobody molested them. Indians occasionally shot them, but they are almost too wary for the ordinary hunter.

are almost too wary for the ordinary hunter. Their sense of smell is highly developed and they can see an enemy a great dis-"One of the greatest obstacles to be overcome in hunting the camels is that caused by lack of food for man and beast and the

come in hunting the camels is that caused by lack of food for man and beast and the entire absence of water in the neighborhood of their haunts. The camel can travel a great distance without food or water and can remain a long time away from water.

"On the other hunt we had to take water and food along to follow the camels into their pasture. They could remain two or three days, travel from water—longer than our provisions would permit of our remaining, and that made it very difficult to reach them. We are going this time with a full knowledge of their ways and the best methods of finding them.

"I believe we shall be successful on this hunt. If we are not, we will get the camels for our breeding farm from herds already in this country or we will import them. The latter plan will be tried last, as it is one of the most difficult things to get camels from foreign countries. It costs a showman more now to get a camel than an

man more now to get a camel than an elephant.
"It is for this reason that I have decided

"It is for this reason that I have decided to invest some money in a breeding farm. More circuses are beginning business every year, and all of the owners of shows are desirous of enlarging their camel herds. The sandy valley of the Arkansas will be a good place for camel raising and the climate in that part of the State is not too severe for the animals."

Pen Pictures of the War in Manchuria TOKIO, Sept. 4.- Here are some extracts stood the soldiers-8,000 or more.

from a letter received from a friend near Hung Nung Tung, Manchuria:

"I reached Newchwang in time to see the Russian evacuation and the Japanese entrance. Saw part of the Tashichao and Hai Cheng fights and have had the time of my life here with Cant B- Tenth United States Cavalry, as the guests of Gen. Chung Tzoihui, the most notorious bandit of Manchuria, who is now furnishing several thousand troops to raid the Russian lines and harass their rear. Stole 1,100 cattle and killed three Russians in a scrap yesterday, and to-day a regiment of Cossacks is raiding the surrounding country looking for Chinese ban-

dits and sweet revenge.

'Am living in the saddle here, so you must pardon stationery, a chance find in a junk shop yesterday.

And the paper was gory, like the happenings he chronicles, while a broad scarlet band across the face of the huge envelope might signify an edict from his Bandit

Another letter paints a very vivid pen Last night at 9 o'clock we anchored off shore about eight miles from Pigeon Bay.

What a spectacle was soon to unfold! "The curtain lifted about midnight on a drama-a tragedy of terrible grandeur and magnificent brilliancy seldom equalled in history. The heavens were illuminated by the fireworks of war: the roar of artillery was almost incessant for minutes at a time; then would follow a momentary pause, when suddenly, from the offing, or a distant land fort, a light would be seen, like a meteor, rapidly arching in brilliant parabola, leaving a trail like a comet, on its deadly mission, and bursting in a dazzling

"The bursting shrapnel and shells sparkled like gigantic fire-flies, while over the scene the flashes of the searchlight combined in producing a picture more suggestive and terrible than Dante's 'Inferno or Hogarth's 'Volcano in Hell.'"

Down from the Manchurian mountains echo the prayers for the repose of the souls of the dead soldiers. This is a description of the ceremony as contained in a letter:

the multitude. In his uplifted hand was a pine branch hung with strips of white paper-emblems of the soul's purity. "Swish! swish! swish! Thrice the branch swept the air above the bowed heads in

"The priest stood on the mountain, facing

the plain below. "The simplicity of this act of purification. the silence of the vast congregation, the beauty of the scene all combined to fill with awe and reverence the alien spectator as well as the native worshipper. No temple raised by human hands could be so majestic, so inspiring as this valley edged around with purple hills, and the deep blue of heaven above.

"Old marbles, ever beautiful, were never so rich and rare as this carpet of brown and green and gold woven by field and grove and river. - Upon this spacious floor

"The long lines of khaki looked like border of old gold on a gorgeous prayer mat, spread before an altar raised upon the heights. Afar off on a lofty terrace, in the shadow of a green bluff, the priests had built their sanctuary-an oblong enclosure marked by banners.

"At the back of the inclosure was the inner sanctuary, formed by four poles hung with rope, from which were susplaces for the souls of the departed. The altar was spread with a white cloth, upon which rested a mirror-symbol of perfec-"At the back of this inner sanctuary

in Chinese characters the legend: 'To the memory of the souls of the departed.' "About the shrine stood trays laden with sacrificial gifts of food, heaps of radishes, piles of rice cake, flasks of saké, fish

waters thereof. "The bugler sounded the general salute, and the shrill notes lingered in the sunlit air as the solid line of khaki in the plain below came to attention.

"The Shinto ceremony had begun. Its ritual is distinguished by severe simplicity; its temples contain no idols; its priests

man of solemn and dignified bearing, who looked more like a Parsee than a Japanese wore a sword in a velvet scabbard and his gown was of red and black silk, closely resembling the old-fashioned dimity.

trousers and army boots, that compelled soldiers clothed for the nonce with sacerdotal authority. "Advancing toward the altar, the priests

the invocation to the dead. "The high priest thereupon drew near

hero es of Japan.

"This allocution ended, the high priest stood near the shrine with face turned toward the East, while one of his assistants received the offerings to the dead. A

into life.

"The entrance was a gate of two slender tree stems with a cross bar, from which hung two flags, white with a red sun in the centre, emblems of Empire and of the Sun Goddess from whom sprang the long line of the Mikados of Japan.

pended narrow strips of white paper known as go hei, emblems of purity and resting

rose a tablet of plain white wood bearing

and fowl, the fruits of the earth and the

wear no splendid garments; the only incentives to worship are the mirror, which symbolizes perfection, and the white strips of paper, which signify purity. high priest, an old and bearded

"The gowns of his assistants were of drab watered silk, worn over regulation khaki one to the conclusion that they were private

stood before the shrine, clapped their hands three times, placed them reverently together, bowed their heads and uttered

the altar, and, bowing before it, took from his breast a scroll from which he recited in murmuring tones the memorial to the dead

received the offerings to the dead. A moment later, and, at the invitation of the high priest, Gen. Nishi stepped up to the altar, saluted and, opening out a scroll, read a eulogy to the dead.

"Again the bugles rang out, filling the valley with the inspiring music, rifles rattled to the salute, and the army below stirred life.

BUSINESS WOMEN MUST WEAR PLAIN ATTIRE

Employers Want No Frills in Their Offices Nowadays and the Show Stenographer's Day Is Past

business offices in which women are employed that employers are getting more fussy every day. Some of the older women point out complainingly that there was a time when practically all a man did or said when engaging a woman clerk was to look at her credentials and ask how much

salary she wanted. That was in the days when women stenographers were almost scarce, when women typewriters were less plentiful than they have since become, and when a burning desire for an independent supply of pocket money did not so often impel girls as soon as they put on long dresses to apply for office employment.

At any rate, whatever the reason, seems to be true that since the supply of women stenographers and typewriters has grown to exceed the demand employers are becoming more and more exacting in regard to the appearance of the young women they engage to work for them. This is just as true of the large uptown dry goods stores which employ thousands of women as it is in downtown offices and

wholesale business concerns. A young girl came out from an office building the other day, her nose in the air, her face flushed with indignation. "The idea!" she exclaimed to a waiting friend. "That horrid man told me that he expected his clerks to wear high linen collars and not a low neck waist. Just

as if my waist could be called low neck!"

The girl was wearing a white cotton

waist cut round at the throat and finished with a narrow edging instead of a high neckband. In place of the neckband was a string of blue beads Afterward in speaking of the occurrence

the unappreciative employer, who seemed to be anything but hard hearted, said:
"I am awfully tired of seeing dressed up clerks in this office. I don't mean to have any more of them. These are not show parlors.
"The women clerks don't have to re

ceive visitors nor to entertain customers. Stenographers and typewriters are here to do that work and nothing else. "I believe there are still offices in this city who like to make a showpiece of the stenographer, just as there are restaurants which employ none but exceedingly pretty

Stop Railway to Celebrate Marriage.

Bislin on Sept. 17, when she becomes Mrs

From the London Daily Mail. Happiness that will come to Miss Maria

Fritz Schwenter, will bring disappointment to hundreds of tourists in Switzerland, for on that day the circuitous railway which goes up the Wartenstein Mountains will be closed to the public. This remarkable little road, which has surprised so many by its up and down and roundabout way, and which is used by about 300 people daily, is owned by relatives of bride who have determined that the

by any but invited guests. years ago the couple met at another wedding in the house far up the mountain-

There is a whisper going the rounds of cushiers; but they are comparatively few and far between. The great majority of business houses hire stenographers to work, and they make no distinction between the hands.

work, and they make no distinction between men and women.

"In fact in the business world to-day the question of sex is not considered in laying down rules. If woman wants to compete with man and do it successfully, she must not look for special privileges.

"Now, in the case of dress, for instance, the business dress problem." I think a woman's business dress ought to be neat, inconspicuous, serviceable. Gauzy fabrics which reveal the neck and arms,

chains, floating ribbons and flashy jewelry are certainly not appropriate accessories to a business uniform. to a business uniform.
"I remember one day I wanted some dictation taken in a hurry and I sent for one of the best women stenographers we have. She came, and I began to fire off the sentences, trying to concentrate my thoughts so as to make the letters as strong as I wanted them to be. They were in relation to an important deal I was trying to put through and they needed to be care-

"As I went on I became conscious that something was annoying me and I discovered that it was a rattling, jingling sound, not loud, but incessant. I looked at the stenographer. She was wearing on her right wrist a bangle bracelet hung with a ot of trinkets, and every time her pencil

moved the trinkets started jingling.

"Will you please take off that confounded thing? I said as soon as I located the noise. Why in thunder do you want to wear such a trinket to a business office, first the girl got white, she was so "At first the girl got white, she was so scared, then she turned red with wrath. But she took off the nuisance and she also took herself off, not to return, when pay day came round. I was sorry to lose her, and the strength of the strengt

and the experience gave me an idea which I have since followed. "It is this. When a young woman applies for a job I tell her the rule of the house is plain attire, high collars, no obtrusive jewelry. Then if she wants to get mad and walk out with her head in the air I

don't care a rap.
"I made the discovery long ago that the "I made the discovery long ago that the girl who is very much fixed up in business hours generally works with her eye on the clock and puts her hat on at least five minutes before it is time to go, and that sort never becomes valuable to her employer, no matter how smart she may be at her work."

"What are some of the personal attributes which recommend a girl who applies for a stenographer's place?" was asked of the superintendent of a big retail concern in

other, so this will be the beginning of the second chapter of a mountain romance.

There is something very romantic in idea of the hill on which they fell in love on the other hand, tourists who are paying a flying visit with the object of journeying on the mountain railway may fail to see

Man Mistaken for Tiger and Shot.

From the Malabar News. Near Manantoddy, a man, while sitting in his compound with a striped blanket tiger by another man, an inmate of his own house, and shot dead on the spot.

hands.
"If they are clean and fairly well looked after she is generally the sort I want to hire, provided her speed is satisfactory. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred if her clothes are mussy and untidy she's no good, or at best is a third rate worker. "I also distrust the girl who wears an enormous picture hat with plumes standing in the air and a lot of cheap finery. A certain degree of style always carries considerable weight. A smartly dressed, stylish girl invaribly commands more attention—more favorable attention—than a dowdy looking girl

looking girl.

"At the same time business men have come to distrust the showily dressed girl. As a rule she is too much taken up with herself to be valuable to her employers.

"I think it is only a question of time when the rule now in vogue in the best dry goods stores in regard to selesyomen will apply to the rule now in vogue in the best dry goods stores in regard to saleswomen will apply to stenographers, typewriters, all women employees. In those stores black dresses are demanded. None may wear a colored gown, not even heads of departments. In one store the manager goes so far as to prohibit even a turnover collar of blue, pink, red or any other bright tint. Turnovers must be white or else none can be worn. Neither are fancy chains nor showy jewelry tolerated.

"Yet I think some business men are going too far. I do not always find that the very plainest appearing girls are the best workers or that the girl who touches up her hair and wears bows in it is bound to take little or no interest in her work. Far from

"An almost infallible test I find is this When talking with an applicant, if she gives me her whole attention, keeps her eyes in front of her no matter who passes behind her or at her side, or in and out of the office, until our interview is over, I am satisfied that that girl will be able to con-centrate on her work.

"What New York business men are look-

"What New York business men are looking for is women who in business hours can put their attention on their work and keep it there. No other sort is of any value no matter what sort of regalia she wears or what color hair she has.

"I have noticed, though, that dark haired girls are less given to primping in office hours and less firtatious and appear to be less taken up with outside interests of their less taken up with outside interests of their own, than the blondes. Red headed girls generally have a good deal of push because, as a rule, they have a quick temper; but a black haired girl will often beat them at

He Had Time to Spare.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat George Washington, colored, had been so often punished for robbing hen roosts out showing signs of reformation that the citizens decided to give him notice to leave So George was found and brought before a special committee of twelve, standing in front of the post office. His imagination conjured all sorts of dangers and he was trembling like

a leaf.

"George," said the Mayor sternly, "you have just twelve hours to get out of town." George's teeth chattered.

"Well, have you snything to say to it?" inquired the Mayor sternly.

"Nuthin, boss," said George, "'cep'in' you gemmens kin jes' gib me credit fer eleven hours an' fifty-nine minutes!"

And he was off like a streak.

Summer Not Over for Some Though Coney Island Has Closed The French have a term, "demi saison,"

which corresponds to our own "between seasons, "although it expresses more accurately the periods of the year that are neither one thing nor the other. The summer season in the opinion of the world is a matter of history now. The glories of Coney Island have faded for another year, and the summer side of New York life for most of the millions who are here is a thing of the past. Yet for many more the holiday days still endure, and will continue for six weeks to come.

These are the New Yorkers who occupy he blocks of closed houses uptown for perhaps six months of the year and pass the rest of the time in a country house, usually near enough to the city to enable the men to go back and forth to busi-ness. Some of them have more houses perhaps at Newport or Bar Harbor, but this season of the year they spend in the country within easy reach of New York. They are scattered through Westchester; Long Island contains many of these beautiful country places, and the north central towns of New Jersey have these new palaces dotted about their suburbs. In these retreats the holiday days of the year are still on. Men who go out of town for week end

visits find that they have as many invitations as ever. The Sunday house party at this season is as popular as ever. Many of those who have returned to town are merely making the city a headquarters during the short time they stay here. There are visits to be paid here and there and just

are visits to be paid here and there and just at this time housekeeping is a very informal and irregular affair in many households which will not resume their regular course of existence for some weeks to come.

When it is reported that Mr. and Mrs. X have closed their Newport villa and returned to New York, that does not mean they are to be found in their homes here. They may go to a hotel for the short time they expect to spend in the city before starting for Hot Springs or for some house to which they have been invited, returning

to which they have been invited, returning again to a New York hotel for the brief period that intervenes before they start off again.

Thus it happens that the address "New ing vacations."

York" appears more frequently on the hotel registers now than at any other season of the year. Women's interest in town at present is confined chiefly to dress, and when they run in for a few days to visit shops and seamstresses they put up at hotels and avoid the trouble of opening a house that is to be occupied so little.

These autumn holiday makers out of town have their parties to the city which serves as

These autumn holiday makers out of town have their parties to the city, which serves as a contrast to the week end sojourn in the country. To come into the city and take a brief taste of metropolitan pleasures sweetens the joy of country life in October. The women spend the day in the shops while the men are at business, and the party meets for dinner and the theatre. Then there is supper afterward, and no feature of a winter's evening in town has been lacking.

A year or two ago such a party was kept in New York by necessity. But the asto-A year or two ago such a party in New York by necessity. But the awto-mobile has changed all that. It is easily possible to drive home under a clear sky in the crisp autumn air. The maid may stop all night in town and bring out the trunk

all night in town and bring out the trunk the next day.

One sees every night in the restaurants parties of this kind made up of well known New Yorkers fortunate enough to be able to enjoy their combination of town and country life.

To many who linger still at country homes there is no drawback in the shortness of the days. To the men who are in business, the pleasure of the country may be considerably curtailed, but most of those who enjoy the possession of these homes near the city are able to remain in them several times a week long enough

homes near the city are able to remain in them several times a week long enough to enjoy the daylight, too.

Life in the evenings is as attractive as ever. Dinners begin late. At one informal dinner given at a palace in the Wheatley Hills last week the guests sat down at 9 o'clock. They did not remain at the table so long as they might have done in town, for bridge was the real object of the gathering.

for bridge was the real object of the gathering.

Most of these houses were not occupied by their owner when the great majority of New Yorkers were taking their holidays, for they are places of "demi-saison" sojourn. It is becoming more and more the fashion for New Yorkers, even when they do not dwell in these great houses, to stop away from town later than they did formerly.

So, in spite of the closing of Coney Island, and the disappearance of the excursion boats, many New Yorkers are still enjoying vacations.

When the original settler, the Indian, murdered his chance guest, the Spaniard,

PLANNED FOR NEXT MONTH. saw. They would not eat for several days and it was almost impossible to keep them TOPEKA, Kan., Oct.1.-Preparations have

and on exhibition in travelling menageries.

The route of the camel hunt has been agreed upon. The hunters who will accom-

ago.

The hunters, under the guidance